

THE REHEARSAL.

1. The *Country-man*, upon St. *Georg's* Day, Choak'd the *Dragon* with his *Cat*, and Rescu'd the *King's* Daughter.
Wherein it is Prov'd, That *People* were Born with *Saddles* on their *Backs*.
2. A *Tiger* Bated, Bestrid by a *Monkey*.

WEDNESDAY, April 23. 1707.

(1.) *Rehearsal.* **T**HIS is the Day which our *Native Kings* of *England* have generally observ'd for their *Coronation-Day*. Therefore we must be *Merry* and talk *Loyally* to Day.

Country-man. And I met such a *Rancoun* to Day, as will make you *Merry*, tho' it put me in a *Fright*. I met to Day such a *Monster*!— What do you think? *Master*. Guess if you can.

Rehears. I cannot Guess. Is ther any new sort of *Monster* come to *Town*? What dost Mean?

Country-m. It is a *Monster* you have been very *Familiar* with; and which you say is not, nor ever was in the *World*, nor Ever can be.

Rehears. Then how Couldst thou see it.

Country-m. I saw it for all that!

Rehears. Come out with it. Thou hast some *Conundrum* in thy *Noddle*.

Country-m. Have not you said, That the *People* are not the *Original* of *Government*, nor Ever were, nor ever can be? And I believe you. But Saw it to Day. And had almost had my *Bones* broken by it, as is said of those who meet *Spirits* they don't see.

Rehears. Was it a *Spirit* you Saw, or did not See? And so it fell upon you, for not going out of the way.

Country-m. No, *Master*, They were all *Flesh* and *Bones*, and I had like to have Felt it. I was coming down High *Holbourn*, and the *Street* was full from one side to t'other, that one cou'd not get by.

Rehears. Was it *Execution* Day? For that is the *Rode* they take.

Country-m. Ay, it was *Execution* Work, as you shall hear. That great *Rout* were *Hollowing* and *Hooping*, *Clapping* their *Hands*, *Running*, *Gallopping*, and *Leaping*, Great *Boys* and little *Boys*, *Women* and *Children*, and *Dogs* and all, *Yelping* and *Screaming*, that I thought *Hell* was broke *Loose*. I ask'd several of them what was the matter? But could get no other Answer than *Away with her*— *Away with her*! Bless me, thought I, what poor *Woman* is fallen into their *Hands*? when pressing in, I saw in the *Middle* 2 or 3 *Boys* had got a *Rope* about a *Cat's* neck, and were *Dragging* her away to *Drown'd* her. And all that *Revel Rout* had Gather'd to them in the way.

Then came into my *Mind* the *Original* *State* of *Nature* you had talk'd of so oft. Methought I Saw it. For here were all upon the *Level*, no *Superior* or *Inferior*, every one *Governor* alike, and none oblig'd to *Obeys*. And I cry'd out, Here's the *Original* of *Government*! Some look'd *Angry*, and I was afraid wou'd have fallen upon me. Others thought I meant the *Cat*. What's that he says? Cry'd another, *Riginal*! He talks of *Virginals*, said another. And so I escap'd.

Now, *Master*, except *Tuttle-Fields*, I know not where you can shew me such another *Landskip* of the *Original* *State* of *Nature*, as our *Whiggs* do *Paint* it. This is the *Dragon* that has swallow'd *Kings* and *Queens* and *Kingdoms* too! This is the *Grand* and *Original* *Pretence* for *Rebellion*. This is the *Sole* *Foundation* of the *Power* of the *People*. And I, like *St. George* have Quite *Slain* him, only by shewing his *Ugly* *Face*. And have *Rescu'd* the *Kings* *Daughter*, in my *Blant* way. A proper *Work* for the *Day*. I have set her out of the *Reach* of that *Dragon* the *People*, in whose *Maw* lies her *Royal* *Grand-Father*, with many others of her *Predecessors*, on whom this *Monster* has *Fed*. Well did *King David* call them the *Beasts* of the *People*, and *Compar'd* their *Madness* to the *Rageing* of the *Sea*.

Rehears. Thy Name hereafter shall be *George*. And thou shalt *Fight* with *Roger* the *Observer's* *Country-man*, whom he has set up as a *Champion* for the *People*. But hark y' *George*, do you set up for an *Enemy* to the *People*? Do you call them all *Beasts* and *Mad*?

Country-m. No, *Master*, far from it. Nor did *David* mean so. I speak in behalf of the *People*. And to save them from those wou'd make them *Mad*, and *Perswade* them to *Rebell*, and *Ruin* themselves. For nought else did they Ever Get by it. Particular men may Get by it. But shew me that ever the *People* Got by it, Unless *Fighting* and *Killing* one another (which is sure to be their *Lot* in all *Rebellions*) can be any *Advantage* to them! And if once they Come to think themselves the *Original* of *Government*, they are *Mad* and *Bewitch'd*, and fitted for all *Destruction*!

Suppose the *City* of *London* were such a *Mobb* as I saw about the *Cat*, Suppose all *England*

gland were so, nay suppose the whole World were so (as these Men do suppose it, before the People Chose Government) what Power con'd bring them into Order, less than that which Reduc'd the Chaos! How cou'd the Consent of every Individual be obtain'd, which these Men make Necessary to Government? Certainly since the Creation of the World, a Greater Folly and Madness cannot be Instanc'd that ever befell any of Mankind! Yet these are Celebrated with Us who set it up! But I think I and my Cat are now sufficient to Battle all the Whiggs in the World. I'll Shew them their State of Nature, and make them Asham'd on't.

They us'd to Puzzle me with that Question, what, do you think the People were Born with Saddles on their Backs, on purpose to be Rid, &c? And now I can Answer them, That they were so Born, they ever were Rid, and ever must be Rid by some or other. They were made on purpose to be Govern'd, for they cannot Govern themselves. Neither the Size of their Understanding, nor the Unweildiness of their Numbers, make it Possible for them to Govern. They sometimes Throw their Rider, but then they get Another, who prove a Better Horse-Man, and can Tame them. And what do they Get by this, but to be Spurr'd and Switch'd, till they Come to know their Driver? If they will Ride Quietly, and Learn their Paces, they will be Cherish'd and made much of. But if they get Jaddish tricks, and be Resty; if they will have the Bridle 'twixt their Teeth, and Plunge and Kick till they Break their Rider's Neck, or their own, they must be Rid with a Cavison, and Beaten into Good Manners; they make such Disciplin necessary for them; And it is for their own Good, as well as the Safety of their Rider. For since Ridden they must be, and ther's no Avoiding it, had they not better Ride Gently and Quietly, and be well Treated; than to be always Biting and Kicking their Master, and Lash'd for it, till their Sides bleed? A good Horse will Love his Master and his Master is Fond of him. But ther are such vicious Jades as nothing will keep under, but main Force.

Rehears. It was these David Call'd the Beasts of the People, and Compar'd their Madness to the Rageing of the Sea. These are the Whiggs, who Cry out of their being Free-Born, and the Original of Government. Which Notion Certainly turns any Man Mad, and incapable of being Govern'd, longer than you have the Rod over his Head.

These Men are well Describ'd Job xi. xii. *Vir vanus in Superbiam erigitur, & tanquam Pulum Onagri Se Liberum Natum putat.* That is, Vain Man is Puff'd up with Pride, and thinks himself Free-Born like a wild Asses Colt. Thus the Whiggs think themselves Free-Born! As soon as they Drop, they Whinney and Kick up zheir Heels. And who has any thing to say to Us? This is, in their Cant,

To be as Free as Nature first made Man,
Ere the Base Laws of Servitude began,
When wild in Woods the Noble Savage ran.

This is their Notion of the State of Nature. And such Savages they wou'd have all Man-

kind! Such Savages they have made Themselves. And whoever Embraces their Principles, must be such a Savage. And they are fitly call'd Beasts, who Range themselves in the Natural State of Beasts, all Independent, and no Government among them. And such must be Govern'd like Beasts, with the Curb, and with the Spur, till they are Tam'd, that they may not Bite.

(2) Country-m. Since this is a Joyful Day, I'm Resolv'd I'll Entertain you. I have another Savage to shew you. And now Look about you, Master, it is a Tyger—But you need not fear him, for his Claws are Par'd, and all his Teeth are Beat down his Throat. So that we may safely Bate him.

Rehears. But what is that I see upon his Back? Ther's a Monkey Belfrid's him. Now I see thy Device. This is the Rights, and Tutchin upon his Back.

Country-m. You have found it out, Master. And is it not Diverting to see that little Animal with his Grimaces, a Squirting and Sputtering upon his Beloved Rights, after you have made him so Tame, and Insulted the Monster, that he Dare not Speak one word in his own Defence; yet this Jackanapes will be Defending, and still further Exposing him! And if it wou'd not offend you, I wou'd shew you how.

Rehears. No, Country-man, it will give me no Offence at all. This Monster's Excellent Company! I wou'd not want him for any thing!

Country-m. Then, Master, after Calling you Ideot and Fool, tho' he had Promis'd to give no more Ill words (but you told him, as it has happen'd truly, that then he must be Dumb and shut up his Mouth) he Defends the Rights thus, in his of the 9th Instant, Vol. 6. N. 11. That all you have said, is as much an Answer to the Book of the Rights, as the first Chapter of Job is to the Rehearsal.

Rehears. Is that all he says?

Country-m. Every word. He meddles no more with the matter.

Rehears. I with all my Enemies such Advocats. Therefor don't stop him by any means. Let him Shew twice a Week. You know not what Kindness he do's me. He may Plead that as his Merit one of these Days!

ADVERTISEMENT S.

Whereas John Tutchin, has in his *Observer*, Vol. 6. N. 14. Revil'd a Clergyman of Stepney; This is to Certify, that Tutchin has already been Answer'd, in the Appendix to the *Appeal of the Clergy*, to the Lords, the Bishops, and as concerning the Fire of London; The Reader is desir'd to Consult the 2d. Part of the *Animadversions on Calamy's Abridgement*, and he'll find Satisfaction; both Printed for Rickard Wilkin, at the Kings-Head, in St. Paul's Church-Yard.

Memoirs of the Affairs of Scotland, containing a full and Impartial Account of the Revolution in that Kingdom, begun in 1567. Faithfully Publish'd from an Authentick MS. By Her Majesty's Historiographer for the Kingdom of Scotland.